

# Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE"

NO. 5—VOL. XVI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1864.

NO. 785.

## THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM.

[CONCLUDED]

"BUT that door, my good girl, is entirely useless," said the Countess, faintly smiling; "and your faint has raised a tempest to very little purpose; unless she will exert herself to open the grating, she might as well have kept the door closed."

"Never fear, my lady," replied the attendant; "let us try once more before we give up all hopes of liberty."

The Baroness consented, more to amuse the faithful partner of her solitude, than from any expectation that she herself entertained of her escape. Maude trimmed the lamp, and placed it in a wicker-work basket, to guard it from the sudden puffs of wind that still howled in the passage. They proceeded, and carefully examined the walls; but neither door nor outlet was discernible they again approached the grating, and after many efforts to ascertain what it led to, discovered that it opened to a stone floor case. "This is certainly a road to the rocks," cried Maude. "Would to heaven," cried the Baroness, "that we could force our way through the grating." Maude put the lamp on the floor, and, after a long exertion of their mutual strength, a bar was wrenched from their grasp; with some difficulty the Baroness forced herself through the aperture; Maude followed; they continued their descent for a long time, but a quick breeze had unfortunately extinguished their lamp. The air blew keen and piercing, which convinced the Baroness that they were making their way towards some outlet which led to the sea shore. She was not deceived; for after traversing a long passage, which continued to descend, they at length found themselves in a cavern, hewn out of the solid rock, that opened to the sea. "St. Winifred be praised!" cried Maude, piously crossing herself. "To the blessed Virgin be all our prayers directed!" said the Baroness.

From this place they soon after saw a boat putting from the shore. Maude made a signal of distress; it was instantly answered, and to her great joy and surprise, the boatman was her own brother. "Take us," cried she, "instantly to the cottage of my mother." He obeyed; and then Maude, by the consent of the Baroness, related the foregoing particulars.

While they lay there concealed, the Baron had the most diligent search made after them, but happily they eluded the vigilance of their pursuers. After some time the Baroness entered herself and attendant as boarders in a convent, where she continued till the feverities of a monastic life had so impaired her health, that, by the advice of her faithful Maude, she formed the plan, which she afterwards accomplished, of seeking a refuge in the Castle of Albany.

Here Elfrida finished her tale, and the Earl vowed to bring the present possessor of the honors of Fitzalaric to the trial of single combat. In a few days every thing was prepared for their departure, and they set forward, attended only by a chosen body of friends in whom the Earl could confide. Lady Eleanor was recovered from her indisposition, and earnestly entreated that she might be allowed to accompany them, as the fond-

ly hoped that Edgar would be proved, beyond a doubt, to be no other than the legal heir of her beloved Fitzalaric.

After a journey of a few days they arrived in the Forest of Anglewood. Father Thomas was easily discovered, and he procured them entertainment, in his monastery, while he went in search of Bridget, who shortly after made her appearance. For the sake of brevity we omit her effusions of rapture on beholding her darling Edgar, and her tears of regret for the fate of her Bernardine. All we have to relate is, that Bridget was a domestic in the Castle, and was actually there delivered of a little boy, who died a few hours after its birth, at the very time that the Baroness lay in the agonies of child-birth. Father Thomas was then chaplain to the Castle; he had private reasons for supposing that the infant was not intended to be dealt fairly with, and imparted his suspicions to one of Eleanor's attendants, who engaged to assist him in its preservation. Accordingly, the following evening after the delivery of the Baroness, while she was in a state of entire insensibility, they contrived to change the children. They placed the dead one by the Baroness, and conveyed the living one to Bridget, who nourished it at her bosom, and soon after departed from the Castle unsuspected. The joy of the Baron was extreme, and even indecent, when he found there was no impediment between him and the possession of his kinsman's fortunes.

All that had befallen Edgar since that period the readers are already acquainted with; and we leave it to their imaginations to picture the supreme happiness and gratitude of the Baroness in being so unexpectedly restored to the possession of a son like Edgar. Lord Albany, according to the usage of the times, summoned the usurping Baron to surrender the Castle to its rightful heir, who, knowing himself secure beyond the power of fortune, instantly dared the veteran to single combat. The challenge was accepted, and the usurper fell beneath the arm of Albany. He was conveyed to the Castle, where his wounds were dressed, which were pronounced mortal. Finding the hand of death upon him, he requested the presence of Lord Albany and the youthful pretender to his fortunes. They prepared to visit him, but fearing treachery, they demanded hostages for their safety. The dying man returned for answer, that they might bring their force within the Castle. This was at length resolved on, and they departed, accompanied by Father Thomas, the Baroness, Maude, and Bridget. No sooner had they entered the chamber of the Baron, than, fixing his eyes on Edgar, he uttered a deep groan, crying—"Oh! it is, indeed, the son of the murdered Fitzalaric; but how came he here, and by what means was I lulled into the fatal security of thinking that he had died?"

"It was I that deceived you," said Father Thomas—"I saved you from the commission of another murder."

"Then all is discovered," cried he—"Well—be it so.—Begone, and let me die in peace."

"You cannot die in peace," said the soft voice of the Baroness, "with unrepenting guilt upon your soul."

"Oh!" cried he, "speak once more, sweet, angelic Eleanor. But—no; purity like your's

will not hold converse with a wretch whose guilty love and insatiable ambition have hurried into crimes that will for ever exclude him from all hopes of mercy. It was by my means that you became a widow. Can you pardon me?"

"I will pray for you, that an offended God may let you have a glimpse of mercy," answered the Baroness.

"Oh!" cried he, reviving, "thy intercessions will wing my soul to immortality!"

"Fruit not to prayer without repentance," cried Father Thomas, "for fear you should find that you have built your house on the sand."

The Baron then made a motion to be left alone with Father Thomas, to whom he made ample confession of all his iniquities, and afforded by it a striking lesson, that there is no happiness but in a life of rectitude; for he had sickened at heart in the midst of festivity, and remorse had pierced him even in the arms of voluptuousness. He well remembered in Edgar the same features which had so much attracted his notice when he appeared as a shepherd's boy, and confessed that, from that time to the present, he had never known a happy hour. He soon after died in indescribable agonies, and Edgar obtained peaceable possession of the Castle amidst the tears and plaudits of his surrounding friends. Shortly after he had settled every thing at the Castle, and had placed the Baroness, Bridget, and Maude, in their old apartments, he prepared, after the funeral of his guilty kinsman, to return with his noble friend to the Castle of Albany, to solicit the fair hand of the blooming Elfrida; nor was it long refused him, for the Earl favored his suit, and the Countess consented, on condition that they should regularly divide their time between the Castles of Fitzalaric and Albany. To proposals to agreeable, what objections could possibly be made? The happy Edgar joyfully subscribed to them, and the blushing Elfrida willingly gave her hand to the man whom her fond indulgent parents thought worthy even of her.

On this joyful occasion the Baroness again left the Castle of Fitzalaric, to grace with her presence the nuptials of her son. Oh, how did her heart glow with gratitude to that Power which had miraculously preserved him to cheer the remainder of her days! Nothing could exceed the joy which reigned at the Castle of Albany, at the union of Edgar and his lovely heiress. The first six months were devoted to the parents of Elfrida, and at their expiration they set forward for the Castle of Fitzalaric, where they were joyfully received by its grateful inhabitants. Bridget wept for joy, on being introduced to the young Baroness who affectionately saluted her as the foster parent of her amiable Edgar; while the faithful Maude, forgetting the lapse of near twenty-years, joined the dance in the hall with all the vivacity of renovated youth. Father Thomas again returned to his station as chaplain in the family, and the brother of Maude met with a reward due to his former services.

The Baron Mac Kenrick could not withhold his friendship from a youth whom the Earl of Albany had chosen as a husband for his daughter; and we are happy to say, that the future conduct of Edgar, in every important station of life, justified the good opinion which the Earl had formed of him.

He was true in his allegiance to his Prince; dutiful and obliging to his widowed mother, whose lively attachment for him nearly filled the chasm which grief had so long occupied in her heart; tender and faithful to his lovely wife, and fond beyond expression of the sweet babes which she presented to him every succeeding year, and which increased their happiness, and drew closer those ties which endeared them to each other. Wherever they turned they were followed by the blessings of the poor, the fatherless, and the widow; and the old harper recorded their worth, and transmitted their praises to the children of other days.

The BOSTON "Franklin (Typographical) Association," held their third Anniversary, on the 17th inst. at Jullen's Hotel. The following, among other appropriate and technical Toasts, were given;—

1. The United States—*Locked tight in solid forms may they never burst by the risings of faction.*  
2. FAUST—*whole new-born magic called into existence the flourishing trees of Science and Literature: May he, who lays the axe at their root, be turned into the devil's tail.*

3. The Press—*May it may never be cramped for want of oil; but run forever, to distribute usefulness and truth.*

4. FRANKLIN, "The Patrons of Typography"—*Nature set him as the title page of American glory: His correctness was as bold as 15 line pica; his faults were as faint as the finest strokes of diamonds.*

5. WASHINGTON—*In history's greatest page, his character will appear the fairest type.*

6. BENJAMIN EDGES—the lately deceased Sire of our Art—*his form is off, and in the case; but the many tokens he gave for his country's good, will be held in grateful remembrance.*

7. Irregular Workmen—*Seize the brush and scribe and clean off those dirty picks.*

8. The Fair sex—*When the Great Founder cast their character, he designed them as the flowers and ornaments of the human race.*

9. Distressed Members—*To such may we ever be ready to distribute relief.*

10. The enemies of our country—*Place them under the platten and pull them down.*

[The words in *italics* are technical phrases.]

#### ANECDOTE OF JUDGE BURNET.

BEING once applied to by an old farmer in his neighborhood for his advice in a law-suit, he heard his case with great patience, and then asked him, whether he ever put into a lottery? "No, Sir," says the farmer, "I hope I have too much prudence than to run such risks." "Why then take my advice, my good friend, and suffer any inconvenience sooner than go to law, as the chances are more against you there than in any lottery."

#### ANECDOTE.

A Swedish captain, in company with two other of his countrymen, coming down Cornhill to attend Change, having an umbrella over his head, was accosted by a woman with a child in her arms, who begged him to protect her from the rain a few minutes. To this the gentleman humanely consented; and the woman pretending she had been travelling for several hours, and was so much exhausted as to be ready to sink with fatigue, he consented to carry the child a few paces. Pretending in the mean time to adjust part of her dress, the woman lagged behind a few paces and contrived to give the gentleman the slip leaving him to provide in the best manner he could for the infant which was about two months old.

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE FOLLOWING LINES WERE OCCASIONED  
ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY  
THE FIRST TIME.

WRITTEN SOME TIME SINCE.

OH! charming, modest girl, whose'er thou art,  
With graceful form, and curls that sweetly flow;  
Thy bright and piercing eye,  
Blue as December's sky,  
Has bid young Cupid twang his silver bow,  
And with his charm-fraught arrow touch my heart!

The orient skies all ting'd with morning's sun—  
The earth with lucid pearls sublimely strew'd—  
How truly grand to see;  
But what, compar'd with thee,  
Are all the pictures by rich fancy wov'd?  
My soul, sweet nymph, thy heavenly charms have won.

I saw thee just as dawn'd the "young-ey'd morn;"  
Silent I view'd—*and charm'd I view'd again:*  
Oh, Love, how wilt thou please,  
Yet art no kind disease;  
Thou yield'st the height of bliss—the depth of pain;  
By thee are souls made gay, and souls forlorn!

Eager I gaz'd—*gaze'd on thy lovely form;*  
Thy snowy arms lean'd on the painted door;  
Fair were my throbbing heart,  
To act the lover's part;  
I cast a heavy sigh, but durst no more;  
High beat my pulse, and ev'ry vein was warm.

Full on thy rosy cheeks did beauty glow;  
Thy auburn hair, in ringlets, graceful hung;  
Nor couldst thou e'er have thought,  
What passion thou hast wrought,  
And how my heart with hope and fear was flung,  
Or soon thou wouldst have eas'd me of that woe!

Loose thy dress—*semblance of the new-blown rose,*  
Whole fragrant leaves, irregular, uncurl;  
By it—*shall I compare,*  
Oh thou angelic fair,  
To roses and to lilies gay—a girl,  
Whose active soul the diamond, VIRTUE, knows.

Two pretty dimples wrought a native smile;  
Bright ivory teeth, two ruby lips conceal'd;  
Yet, while I tempt to paint,  
My shades are all too faint;  
And now I see ART must to NATURE yield,  
And I must cease to tell thy charms awhile.

But how?—*the very thought inspires my soul;*  
Thy graces all, oh, sweet, enchanting maid,  
So blended form ONE CHARM,  
Whole pow'r can soon disarm,  
And melt the heart where apathy once sway'd,  
Ruling a breath of fire without controul!

GILBERTUS.

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

IT IS NOT LOVE I DECLARE.

WHEN I see him the roses all fly,  
My brain will then dance in the air,  
I neither can speak nor can sigh,  
But it is not love I declare.

The chords of my heart are in motion,  
My fingers the same tumult will share,  
Oh—I tacitly sigh with devotion,  
Although it is not love I declare.

My frame is all trembling and weak,  
I look with a haggard wild stare,  
I'm deprived of power to speak,  
For still—it is not love I declare.

I met him so sad in the walk,  
As coming alone from the fair,  
But strange, not a word could we speak,  
And that was not love I declare.

All petrified thro' with surprise,  
We stood like the statues of Sauer,  
With hands lifted high to the skies,  
But it was not love I declare.

H.

#### REMARK.

Put yourself always in the place of those whom you wish to injure or annoy, and you will not offend them.

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

MR. EDITOR,

By giving the following a place in your Weekly Museum, you will oblige

A READER.

To aid the course of Virtue and Religion.

MR. ERSKINE, a distinguished member in the House of Commons, in Great Britain, and a famous lawyer, concluded a speech at the bar, in the defence of the Dean of St. Asaph, with the following sentiment, which deserves the notice, as well of other classes of people as of lawyers.

IT was the first command and counsel of my youth, always to do what my conscience told me to be my duty, and leave the consequences to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and I trust the practice to my grave. I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been even a temporal sacrifice. I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth; and I shall point it out as such to my children.

#### A PORTUGUESE ANECDOTE.

A Portuguese, who from obscurity, had raised himself by the most distinguished merit to a peerage of that kingdom, being in company with several of the most ancient families in Lisbon, became the object of their wit and raillery, on account of his infant nobility. With a design therefore to pique him in the tenderest point, they turned their discourse alone on the honors derived from nobility of birth, each extolling the great achievements of his distinguished ancestors in the warmest terms of panegyric. At last it came to this nobleman, as is the custom of the country, to give his sentiments; when the rest of the company were scarce able to contain themselves from open laughter, expecting that he must leave the room in extreme disorder. But how great their astonishment, and even their shame, when this truly illustrious personage, with the greatest composure and good humor, addressed them thus: "My lords, I acknowledge that all of you have given a very flattering account of your ancestors, immortal deeds; but from this I can only gather, that the honors you enjoy, were thus simply delivered by hereditary succession into your hands; but my lords, my plea, thank heaven! is widely different: I have the virtuous satisfaction of saying more than you all; that I have obtained all my honors by my own immediate actions, and shall therefore have the superlative pleasure of transmitting them, unfulfilled, to my successors for them to boast of."

#### ANECDOTE OF A SAILOR.

A sailor named Fleming, was pressed about two years since, and put on board a tender, the day before he was about to be married. This was done by the treachery of an acquaintance, who had not only borrowed a sum of money of him, but who endeavored to supplant him in the affections of the girl of his heart. The girl, however, proved faithful in his absence, and her fond tar arrived, flush with prize money. Informed of the iniquitous conduct of his supposed friend, he arrested him for the sum lent, and then sent the following letter.

"So, Mr. Crimp, you are in bilboes, I find. That was a d---d foul-weather trick you played: but you are under hatches, and there I'll keep you until the matrimony has spliced me to my dear Poll; I'll then give you leave to shear off. But hark ye, my boy, when you are free from the graples, don't steer in my wake, or I may give you a salute you won't like. I wouldn't wish to send you to Davy's locker, because as how, if I



had not been pressed, I might not have fell in with the prize-money.---So, you ungrateful swab, I forgive you; that is, after I am laid along-side my Poll. No more at present, from your's,

JOE FLEMING.

"P. S. As I understand you love Poll, I send you a guinea by bearer, to drink her health."

#### NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, February 4. 1804.

The number of deaths in this city for the week ending on Saturday last, according to the City Clerk's report, are as follows:---Of Fits 4, Nervous fever 1, Decay 1, Dropsy 1, Child-bed 1, Disorders not mentioned 6, Hives 3, Dropsy in the head 1, Consumption 10, Fever 1, Cancer, 1, Old age 1,--Adults 16, Children 15--Total 31.

Accounts received from New-Orleans, mention the great tranquility prevalent there, and the high satisfaction expressed by the newly acquired citizens. They further state that the government is still enveloped in corruption as heretofore, and urgently requires the interposition of Congress.

Upwards of one hundred persons were found in different prisons in the city; some of whom have been confined upwards of ten years--some upon mere suspicion! Others for very trivial crimes. It is expected that the whole will be set at large with the consent of the Spanish government.

By the sloop Maria Antoinette, we have received late New-Providence papers, which state--"Letters from Jamaica mention, that Gen. Rochambeau, Commodore Baray, and part of the French St. Domingo army, have been sent to England."

Sunday last a new born infant, sewed up in a piece of linen, was taken out of the dock near the Battery: thrown in there probably alive, to avoid the detection of its mother's infamy!

General Theodorus Bailey, of Poughkeepsie, a Senator of the United States from this state, is appointed by the President, Post-Master of the city of New-York.

A letter from Kingston, (Jam.) dated Dec. 6th, says, "We have just learnt by the Revolutionarie frigate, arrived this morning from Portsmouth, England, that Admiral Linois and his whole Squadron have been captured by the English in the East-Indies on their passage to the possession of Pondicherry."

On Tuesday afternoon the 10th inst. as seven persons were going on shore at Cooper's Island, near Charleston, (S. C.) in the skiff of the pilot-boat Virginia, belonging to that port, the unfortunately upset and four of the number were drowned, viz.--Captain Richard Lewis, William Keeling, branch pilot, John Brown, and David Moffat. The persons saved were--Mr. Cuckow, branch pilot, Thomas Cartwright, and James Redman. The bodies have been found, and were brought up to town the following evening. Capt. Lewis has left a wife and three small children, and Mr. Brown a wife and child.

A woman (of ill fame) was found in South-street, Philadelphia, during the Snow storm, on Sunday evening, 22d inst. frozen to death.

In the list of deaths at Baltimore during the last week is that of a Negro Man, who on Saturday se'night was severely beaten by three negro women, stripped naked, and thrown into the snow.

Copy of a letter from a passenger in the schooner General Brooke, from Frederickburgh, Virg. John Spotwood, Esq. owner and commander, to his friend in Frederickburgh, dated New-York, Jan. 10th, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

This will inform you of the loss of the schooner General Brooke, on a small Island about 30 miles to the south west of this city; which happened a little after 2 o'clock on the morning of the 6th about three quarters of a mile from the Beach, which we reached at 8 o'clock through a prodigious sea and surf, and in which we were near an hour; sometimes it was not half leg deep, and as the surf came in we were covered by it at least 10 feet. How we all managed to get ashore is really a miracle. On Wednesday, at day light we made the Highlands of Neversink, it blowing very heavy from north west by west, flood for the Hook, and were once within six miles of it, the gale increased, and at 10 o'clock finding it impossible to reach the Hook, we stood off, and at 12 have too under a close reefed foresail, it snowing now and then. This day we had four of the hands frost bitten; three of them so much so, as to be unable entirely to do duty. During the night it cleared away; the gale continuing if any thing to increase.

On Thursday, at 12 o'clock, we had an observation, and found we had drifted to southward 30 miles, at 1 o'clock we made what sail we could hoist, which was done by the captain, one man and myself, with the assistance of the windlafs, and flood north west, the wind having this morning shifted to west and by south, and which course we steered until the struck. The third or fourth thump the rudder was carried away; and for about an hour the sea broke over her often half mast high. At day light we saw this little Island, which lies very low. We immediately got our boat under the schooner's bow, and all hands, eight in number, got into her, and fortunately got safe to shore. In about four hours we discovered a house, for which we gladly made the best of our way. I can in no way blame captain Spotwood for this accident, for I really think he is as cautious a man as I ever knew at sea.

Yours &c.

P. S. About one thousand bushels of wheat were saved by the wreckers on Saturday; on Sunday morning it came on to blow, and when I left the Beach on Monday, there was nothing to be seen of the vessel; so that she is either gone to pieces or drifted on the western shore of Long-Island.

#### A CURIOUS FACT.

During the last Summer, four sisters, who had been separated from each other forty years ago, and who had not once seen each other during the whole of that period, accidentally met in this city. Their respective ages were 83--80--75 and 58--amounting to 306. They are all, at this time, living, and in the enjoyment of health. All of them can read without spectacles--and each of them have a numerous offspring.

[Phil. pap.]

#### LYNCHBURG, Dec. 28.

#### MELANCHOLY EVENT!!!

We are informed by a very authoritative source, that on Saturday the 24th inst. at the store of Mr. Abner Early, in Campbell, a period was put to the life of Mr. Bluford Early, who expired in a few minutes after receiving the contents of a loaded gun from the hands of Isaac Butterworth--said to have been done intentionally a controversy having previously taken place between them. The particulars of this event we have not learnt. Mr. Early was a man much respected, and in the prime of life.

#### COURT OF HYMEN

HOW blest the all-see where no deceit rules,  
The bane of bit's and purgative of fools,  
Where love its full unmingled joys displays,  
And reason dictates while the heart obeys.

#### MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Kayeers, Mr. JOHN ELTING, of Blooms to Miss ANN SCHUYLER, of this city.

On Thursday evening the 25th ult. at Shrewsbury, (N. J.) by the Rev. Mr. Fowler, Mr. ABRAHAM LINES, of this city, to Miss AMELIA LIPPENCOT, of that place.

On Monday evening, at Philadelphia, Mr. WILLIAM B. WOOD, to Miss JULIA WESTRAY, of the New Theatre, of that city.

On Thursday morning last, by the Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. BENJAMIN PAGE, to Miss HARDING, both of this city.

Lately, in New Hampshire, Mr. WILLIAM LONGFELLOW, to Miss ELIZABETH SHORT. There are some good matches, to be had matches, and even some happy matches, but this may be said to be no match at all.

#### DIED.

On Sunday afternoon, Mrs. LYDIA HERLITZ, daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Hallett.

At Trenton, on Monday evening last, Mrs. MOLLY HENRY, Comfort of Mr. George Henry, and daughter of Col. Thomas Lowrey of Alexandria in this county. The death of Mrs. Henry affords a melancholy instance of the frail tenure of our earthly existence, and the uncertainty of human life. On Sunday Evening, about 5 o'clock Mrs. Henry went into the kitchen, and as she approached the fire place, was apparently seized with a fit, and fell immediately into the fire. An old superannuated negro man who was incapable of affording any assistance, was the only person in the room; he made out, however, to make himself heard by the girl who had gone into an upper room, but before any effectual assistance was obtained, the unfortunate lady was burnt to that degree, that she languished about the space of twenty-four hours and expired.

At the Moravian school, in Mirfield, near Leeds, in his 17th year, CHRISTIAN MYDOWE, a native of the island of Otaheite, in the South Sea. The day before his death, he was, at his own request, initiated into the Church by baptism in the animating hopes inspired by the Christian Religion.

#### THEATRE.

On Monday evening will be presented 3d time an OPERA in three acts, called

#### Chains of the Heart,

OR THE SLAVE BY CHOICE.

[With new Scenery, Machinery, Decorations and Dresses, forming (it is hoped) the most brilliant as it is the most expensive, Spectacle ever exhibited in

NEW YORK.

Music by Mazinghi and Reeve, with additional Music and Orchestra accompaniments by Pelissier.

To which will be added, a Comedy called,

#### Mrs Wiggins,

25,000 Dollars the biggest prize.

For sale by JOHN HARRISON, No. 3 Peck-Slip, TICKETS in Lottery No. II. for the ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

ALSO

#### BOOKS AND STATIONARY

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

History, Divinity, Miscellany, Novels, Romances, Architecture, Arithmetic, Geography, Navigation, &c. &c.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### VERSES

WRITTEN IN JANUARY.

The Morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,  
Lifts her pale eye joyous. THOMSON.

CREATION mourns, strip of her brilliant robe;  
For savage Winter, arm'd with pow'r despotic,  
Has robb'd her of each heart attracting feature.  
Where now the beauteous variegated tribes,  
Which deck'd the yellow meads and laughing fields,  
When funny June led on the joyous hours?  
Where is the gale whose aromatic breath  
Perfum'd my evening ramble?—Where's the Zephyr  
That gaily danc'd around the fragrant woodbine?  
No mounting sky-larks, with harmonious notes,  
Now utter in the morn; nor merry blackbirds  
Tune a soft requiem to departing day  
No more at midnight, to the lull'd grove,  
(While other birds repose on downy nests)  
Sweet Philomel chants her "love-labor'd song."  
The trees have long resign'd her leafy vestments;  
The beauty of the eye-delighting landscape  
Is fled; and hill and valley look forlorn.  
While winter reigns, with stern, tyrannic sway  
O'er earth's broad scene, may I, within my cot,  
Tattle those calm joys which spring from mild content!  
Then, seated by a comfortable fire,  
And blest with social friends and pleasing books,  
I'll sit at ease, nor heed the howling tempests.

### ANECDOTE.

AS two sailors were travelling to the North, they took up their lodgings at Wingham that night, and were recommended to a cottage contiguous to the great tower of that place. The evening being very wet and the wind high and boisterous, they congratulated each other that they had got in snug and safe. About six o'clock at night, part of the east wall of the tower gave way, and so sudden and dreadful was the fall (it being above 40 feet high) that it literally crushed the roof, walls and household furniture, to atoms, and buried a woman and her child, with the two travellers, under the ruins. The cries of a girl (daughter of the poor woman) brought several persons to the place of destruction, who immediately set to work in order to rescue the supposed dead bodies. The child was first discovered, next the mother, and lastly the two sailors, none of whom were injured. One of the sailors, on being pulled out by the heels, turned himself over with little agitation and exclaimed, "D—n my eyes, she's all to shivers without warning."

### SAMUEL BERRIAN'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY, No. 35 Chatham-Street.

S. Berrian respectfully informs the public, that he has lately made an addition to the library of about two hundred volumes, among which are the following:

Vols.		Vols.
Monthly Visitor, 10	Midnight Bell, 1	
Monthly Mirror, 10	Black Tower, 1	
Wall's Pindar, 3	Natural Daughter, 1	
Gordon's Tacitus, 5	Unnatural Son, 1	
Kaime's Keiches, 1	Emigrants, 1	
Atlantic Researches, 6	Countess de St. Anois, 1	
Arkona Travels, 1	Belshazzar, 1	
Souillange's Travels, 1	De Montmorency, 1	
Cicero on Old Age, 1	Elopement, 1	
Burke on the Sublime, 1	Maria Williams, 1	
Petrarch's Life, 1	Female Coquet, 1	
Pindar's Poems, 1	Albert de Norderstield, 1	
Paley's Philology, 1	Vanceza, 1	
Works of Frederick, King of Prussia, 13	Cecilian Romance, 1	
Gibbon's Rome, 1	Wrongs of Women, 1	
Pope's Odyssey, 1	Offspring of Russell, 1	
Adam's Republic, 1	Lindord, 1	
Novels and Romances, 3	Georgina, 1	
Romance of the Pyrenees, 4	Secrecy, or the Ruin on the Rock, 1	
Nesbitt's Castle, 1	DeBorough Family, 1	
Art of Amusement, 1	Don Raphael, 1	
January 28, 1804.	6w. 1	

Three or four gentlemen can be accommodated with BOARD & LODGING, also furnished rooms to let, enquire at No. 225 Water-Street on the corner leading to Crane Wharf.

## MORALIST.

DEATH seems to enter the cottage only as a gentle deliverer from the miseries of human life: But in the seats of grandeur with infatigable terror! To languish under a guided canopy, to expire on soft and downy pillows, has a more gloomy aspect, than at the call of nature to die on the gaily turf, and resign the breathless clay back to its proper element. What does a crowd of friends or flatterers signify, in that important hour, to the most glorious mortal? Which of his numerous attendants would stand the arrest of death, descend into the silent prison of the grave for him, or answer the summons of the supreme tribunal? With feeble feet, Time follows morose—over-takes the swift, stops the career of youth, and clogs the wheels of trembling age, and one common doom awaits kings and peasants, conquerors and slaves.

### NEW MUSEUM OF WAX-WORK.

N. and E. STREET, respectfully acquaint the Ladies and Gentlemen of New-York, that they are now exhibiting at Snow's Hotel, No. 69 Broadway, a large and elegant collection of WAX-WORK, consisting of fifty-six figures as large as life, of the following characters:

COLUMBUS, the first discoverer of America,  
In princely robes, taken from an original print found in the Museum of the duke of Tuscany.

Gen. GEORGE WASHINGTON and his LADY.  
His Excellency THOMAS JEFFERSON, President of the United States.

The Hon. JOHN ADAMS, late President.  
LORD NELSON.

BONAPARTE, first Consul of France.

Admiral Sir SIDNEY SMITH.

Dr. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

KING SOLOMON represented giving his judgment between the two Harlots.

The late Gen. BUILER, who fell in St. Clair's defeat, Represented as wounded in the leg and breast, and the Indians rushing on him with their tomahawks.

The famous Gen. WOLF, who fell in the battle of the Plains of Abraham, with his Physician attending him in his expiring moments, and a Grenadier bringing tidings of the victory of his army.

Assassination of MARAT, by CHLOTTE CORDIE.

The Grecian Daughter nourishing her Father in Prison.

BEAUTIES—New-York Beauty. Friend's Beauty of Philadelphia. Albany Beauty. Bolton Beauty. New-Haven Beauty. Jamaica Beauty.

MATERNAL AFFECTION represented by a Lady with three beautiful children.

A Scene from Shakespeare's Othello. A scene from Tom Jones. The Sailor's Return, or the welcome home.

The American Dwarf taken from life. The Quarrelsome Boys tickled out of the Bird's Nest. The Miser and Beggar. The Riotous Fellow taken by the Watchmen, and several other interesting Figures.

The Exhibition will be open from 9 o'clock in the morning, until 9 in the evening, every day, Sundays excepted.

Admittance one Quarter of a Dollar for grown persons, and half price for children.

It is presumed that this will be allowed to be the best collection of Wax-Figures ever exhibited in America.  
Jan. 29, 1804. 1m. 1

### TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

W. S. TURNER, Surgeon Dentist, (from London) respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he practices in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature, and of so neat an appearance that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the Teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the face, without giving the least pain, or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most raging Tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Tincture has very seldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. Turner will wait on any Lady or Gentleman, at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 12 Dev-Street, where may be had his Tincture and Antiseptic Tooth Powder.  
January 20, 78a. 1f.

WANTED, an Apprentice to the Tailor's Business, a smart active lad, from 12 to 14 years old, who can be well recommended. Inquire at No. 130, Front-Street, corner of Pine-Street.

January 28, 1804. SEAMAN & HARRINGTON.

## Eruptions and Humors on the Face and Skin,

particularly

Freckles, Pimples, Blisters, Ring worms, Tan, Sun-burn, Shingles, Scabious and Cutaneous Eruptions of every description, Pityriasis, Itch, Redness of the Nose, &c. &c.

Are effectually and speedily cured by

Dr. Church's Genuine Vegetable Lotion.

THIS LOTION is excelled by no other in the world. It has been administered by the proprietor for several years in Europe and America with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid, night and morning, it will remove the most cancerous and alarming humors on the face. It is perfectly safe, yet powerful, and possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended as a certain and efficacious remedy, and a valuable and almost indispensable appendage to the toilet, infinitely superior to the common truth—Cream drawn from Violets and Mix from Roses! Suffice it however to say, it has been administered to many thousands in the United States and W. Indies with the greatest and most unopposed success, and without even a single complaint of its inefficacy. A small bottle at 75 cents will be found sufficient to prove its value.

Price 75 cents.

Prepared and sold at Church's Dispensary, No. 137 Front-Street, near the Fly-Market, N. York. Dec. 3.

### WITHOUT SEAM.

### PATENT FLOOR-CLOTH MANUFACTORY

JOHN HARMER, takes this opportunity to inform the public, that he still continues carrying on the above business and that he has procured a quantity of STOUT CARVING manufactured for the export purpose, from one to seven yards in width, together with other improvements, which will enable him to carry on the business on a more extensive and perfect plan than he has heretofore had it in his power to do; and is now able to serve his customers with this kind of FLOOR-CLOTHS to any plan or dimensions, equal in quality and elegance of figure to any imported, and in a much shorter time and cheaper rate.

N. B. Those ladies and gentlemen, who wish to be supplied with the above articles for the approaching summer, will do well to forward their orders soon, that the Cloth may be immediately executed, to be ready in the spring, as some time is necessary for seasoning.

Orders left at O'Brien and Van Nott's, No. 7 Berkman Slip, New-York, or at the Factory, in Brooklyn Long-Island, will be assiduously attended to. Dec. 17

### For the Use of the Fair Sex.

### THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE.

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chapped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy—this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 81 William-Street, New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as, Pomatums or all sorts, common and scented Hair Powder, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Aftic Balm for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Toilet Shell and Ivory Combs, Swandown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and Curling Irons, &c. June 25

For sale by JOHN C. TOTTEN, No. 155 Chatham-Street, near the new Watch-House,  
STELLA,

A Pastoral Tale, from the French of Florian.

ALSO, A

GOLDEN TREASURY  
FOR THE CHILDREN OF GOD,  
A new edition.

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One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.